To finde thy brother *Bassianus* dead.
Saturnin. My brother dead, I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north side of this pleasant chase,
Tis not an houre since I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lucius.

Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Here *Tamora*, though grieud with killing griefe.
Tamora. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?
King. Now to the bottome dost thou search my wound,
Poore *Bassianus* heere lies murthered.
Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeles Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyrannie.

She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we misse to meete him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman Bassianus *tis we meane,*
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Thou knowst our meaning, looke for thy reward.
Among the nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus,
Doe this and purchase vs thy lasting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree,
Looke sirs if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murthered *Bassianus* heere.
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

King

King. Two of thy whelpes,
Haue heere bereft my brother
Sirs drag them from the pit vnt
There let them bide vntill we
Some neuer heard-of tortering
Tamora. What are they in th
How easily murder is discouere
Titus. High Emperour vpon
I beg this boone, with teares n
That this fell fault of my accur
Accursed, if the faults be prou'
King. If it be prou'de! you see
Who found this letter, *Tamora*
Tamora. Andronicus himselfe
Titus. I did my Lord, yet let
For by my Fathers reuerent to
They shall be ready at your Hi
To aunswere their suspition w
King. Thou shalt not baile th
Some bring the murthered body
Let them not speake a word, th
For by my soule, were there w
That end vpon them should be
Tamora. Andronicus I wil ent
Feare not thy sonnes, they shall
Titus. Come *Lucius* come, sta

Enter the Empresse sonnes, with
and her tongue cut o

Demet. So now goe tell and if
Who twas that cut thy tongue a
Chiron. Write downe thy min
And if thy stumpes will let the
Demet. See how with signes a
Chiron. Goe home, call for sw

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